

SLUG

HAPPY
NEW
YEAR...



FREE
JANUARY
1997

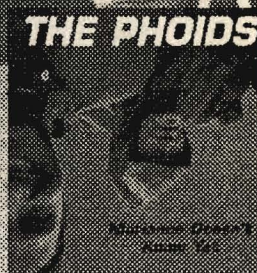
SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

THE PHOIDS

The Ng Records New Years Eve festivities started out with a friendly game of "How many hoola-hoops can I spin around my body". It was a great opportunity for the young aspiring perverts to check out the girl's asses. "I'm all for it", claimed one of the elders of the group, "I remember when I was an aspiring little pervert, sure does bring back memories. Happy New Year from all of us sick-o's at Ng Records".



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Dear Dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

HEY!!!! I stumbled on Slug by accident and I think the pages are freaky kewl!!!! I love the horoscope, how often is it updated?? I nearly fell over at the NKOTB page, it was phunny!! I still am a fan of the group but I love a good NKOTB joke. The F.O.A.D. page is great!!!! But one suggestion, I think you should put the entire cast of Baywatch. What do they do all day besides run around in skimpy bikinis and do daredevil stuff. I mean get a regular person and they're lucky if their bikini stays on!! Then theres the love lives of the cast. Now really, If a bunch of guys were in the same room as Pamela Lee and Yasmeen Bleeth, they are not going to care about the stranded swimmer. That goes for girls too, in a room with David Chokachi (I hope I spelled his name right,) or Jose Solano. Well, if you have any reactions, please email me back with them.

T'anx! Joe Perfect

Dear Dickheads @ SLUG..

I have been reading your mag for about 7 years. ever since I got into hardcore and all that. And just recently I have been seeing alot of i guess youcould call it hatred towards

the straightedge section of SLC's "underground" scene. You guys are a bunch of fucking idiots. You do a review of a up and coming EARTH CRISIS show and all it talks about is how much straightedge sucks in this town. If you have no respect for straightedge in this town that is one thing. But don't you think that a band from out of town deserves the proper respect. I mean what the fuck kind aof spot was that. No one gives a flying fuck what you think about straightedge. Is your shitty little mag a front for disrespecting others belifes. If you truly want to do a story about straightedge devote an entire story to the ups and downs, the good and bad. But fuck this taking stabs at every chance you get in album reviews or show reviews. I would think even shit heads like you would give respect. I can understand that straightedge is hated but who give a shit. It is fucks like you who make it hard not to hate everyone else in the scene. Straightedge has never been respected and all any one ever does is talk shit. It takes two to tango you idiots disrespect us so what the fuck are we supposed to do just take it. Fuck no we do it right back. 3 year old mentality is what

you seem to want so we have no problem responding.
Fuck Slug and Every One Who Reads it
Monster Crew Straight Edge!
—Josh Rudy

ED: I can tell how tough you are just by reading your letter. If you don't like the magazine, why do you read it?

Dearest Dickers,

Once again just to say "hey thanks-for just being there". I am so tired of bosses, xmas, the pain and strain of everyday survival. Thinking maybe I should just do waht my mother says and conform with the rest of the fucking nin-nies out there. How dare they make me feel like an outcast in there tight assed society. I'm not doing it! Why? Because once a month i fall back into my norm and dear SLUG you are there. I don't mean to be in emotional trauma, but I almost got fired from a dead end job because my art depicts a Tarot religion. Well when your boss is on the A list for contributions to the LDS, don't ask, don't tell, unless you are one of them, let them think you are. So much for a bonus.

Freedom of whatever. I love you SLUG. Hope your xmas is a good one. Keep on keepin on! I think this is where I go postal now. I don't suppose you are in need of an artist for hire?

GiGi at Artspace

Hello Slug
(excuse the politeness)-

Slug is a good thing-it was the first real punk mag in Utah Slug is a good thing-it is the last punk mag in Utah, But...

1. Punk is dead. It has been for over a decade.
 2. Bile spewing writers with the combined IQ of cow cud aren't worth reading.
 3. A magazine that runs a serial killer song with sick lyrics, isn't funny, cool, odd or even "fucked up."
- ED: See last month's serial killer This abuse of free speech demeans your publication. Rape is not a funny subject and neither are serial killers, for that matter.
4. If Slug says anything to me when I pick it up, it says: "I am the voice of disempowerment. I am the voice of failed schooling. I am the voice of reaction, rather than action. I am the voice of trying to be cool. I am the voice of pointless abuse. I am the voice of writers without the balls to attach their real names to stories/reviews. I am the voice of impoverished minds."
 5. Without even opening Slug's cover, the content of every issue is clear. Does anyone need to read another CD review with this gee-whiz opener: "I got 'Crunchy Death Doctor' from Karen at Mainliner Records. Karen kicks ass, thanks for the free posters and shit. Too bad the CD didn't play when I put it in my player. I tried to wipe the puke off of

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SLUG IS PRINTED BY THE 5TH OF EACH MONTH, THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH MONTH...CAPEESH? —SLUG STAFF

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it, but it had dried." Or this body:

"There hasn't been a band this kick ass, since Slayer's last tour." Or this ending:

"Your hippie ass licks my ball sweat, even though this CD didn't play. Thanks to the "boys" at Mainliner Records, for setting me up."

6. With each issue, it becomes increasingly apparent that Slug is about anything, but music. With few exceptions, Slug writers have neither the vocabulary, the background or the intellect to write about anything other than themselves.

7. Contrary to Slug opinion, Salt Lake has a dead local scene: not because of Mormons, not because of shitty radio, not because of corporate sell-out (who's buying?), not because of Yuppies, nor any other external force/group. Salt Lake's music scene is dead, because "the scene" is not about music. Until brain dead cretins quit going wild for "punk," "ska," "metal," "grunge," "rockabilly," "surf" and other predictable genres, no new music will happen in Utah. The cliques and cliches need to fall. The Beavis-and-Butthead-"that-band-kicked-my-ass"-mentality (too prevalent at local shows) insures no innovative music will come from Utah. Here's a "secret" few people know: Good music (no matter what genre) isn't really about sex, drugs and costumes-these things are subsidiary. Real music is about sound-dynamics, rhythms, melodies, harmonies, balances, imbalances, tones, lyrics, soul, work, noise, honesty, synergy, mastery, imperfection, fun, focus, drift, thinking, living, communicating, connecting and most importantly, listening. From Jimi Hendrix to John Spencer to Daniel Johnston, music is about listening-listening to instruments and responding to sounds; listening to personal and collective genius and responding with

sound. Salt Lake doesn't need another "punk" band or another "type" of band. Salt Lake needs original musicians and audiences who are intelligent enough to hear them. Listen more. Spew less. And for Slug's sake, set an earlier deadline, so the writing gets edited. The whole point of '90s DIY is quality independence. Think in these terms, "Is Slug worth the newsprint it's printed on?"

A longtime reader and reluctant fan

—Christian Arial

Editor, TwitchMagazine/Vocalist
for some band
longtwitch@chronicle.utah.edu

ED: You have got to be kidding me. Twitch??? I refuse to have a discussion about your little newsletter, but as far as your other comments, I will tell you what I tell them all. STOP READING THE MAGAZINE THEN!! If you have it all figured out then what do you need us for? If you are such an expert on what the music scene needs why don't you do it? Because you don't have the talent? Does your band suck so bad that you are too much of a girlscout to tell us all who they are?

"Salt Lake's music scene is dead, because "the scene" is not about music./ Salt Lake needs original musicians and audiences who are intelligent enough to hear them" Man, you are a genius little finger pointing idiot aren't you? I can't count how many letters I get from you little scene whiners that don't have the brains to come up with an original thought. And as far as the intellect of our writers, well you aren't even in the same league pal, as your poorly written letter shows. Think in these terms... grow some balls.

DEAR DICKHEADS

2120 SOUTH 700
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Letter from Da Editor

Ever since I was a kid, old enough to discern thought from babble, every once in a while things happen that make me say to myself "What kind of crap is this? When did people become so incredibly stupid?" It seems we live in a different world. A world where you can no longer tell it the way it is, because there will be a support group or a rights activists group to bitch and cry that you have offended someone and invaded there personal situation and now they need to confront that fear so they can stop blaming it all on their parents and society, and now they need to excorcise the human right of not being persecuted by hate mongers. Well, screw all that! In the words of George Carlin...

"Pre suck my genital situation"

Ebonics?...

You gotta be kidding me. This post modern 90's bullshit politically correct bend over backwards to not offend anyone crap has gone too far. You can say whatever you want, you can quote whatever idiot expert on urban language, you can feel sorry for whatever group of kids you want, but one fact remains true. There is only one form of the English language. PROPER ENGLISH! Yes there are variations, dialects, whatever. Teaching a form of English that contradicts proper English is teaching kids that it is alright to speak incorrectly. 'Axe' is not a viable substitute for 'ask'. Saying "He goin to the store" is wrong.

Using 'da' instead of 'the' is wrong. Period. There is no other side to look at it from, it is just wrong. Ebonics is slang street language, that is all. It stems from ignorance and the improper use of grammar. It is sad enough that almost half the people in this country either can't spell, can't write, or cannot form a proper sentence. And if Tony Cook (Oakland Board of Education) gets her way, no teacher will ever correct a student who speaks improperly, because it "degrades the child's family". That, my friends is bullshit. Children need to be corrected. It is called growing up. Teaching black children that it is alright to speak poorly because that's how they talk in their neighborhood is an appalling irresponsible act that parents should not put up with. Teachers are turning their kids into second class citizens who will not be able to function as an adult when they have to find a job in a society that thinks they are stupid. That is a fact. The first impression you can make on a potential employer, is how well you communicate. Ebonics will not prepare these kids for anything in the real world, except failure and rejection. Oh yeah, your tax dollars will be used to teach this great little mixture of 'Ebony & Phonics' (really clever). The real question is when will someone stand up and call bullshit on the proponents of this scam and put an end to it before it starts.

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The last month of the year sure left some stink bombs on the video shelf. Well somebodys gotta make bad movies, and somebodys gotta watch them...

TIN CUP

If there is one good movie made about golf it is Happy Gilmore. Costner should be ashamed of himself. This is 133 minutes of torture. Kind of like a bad date. It goes on forever & leaves a horrible taste in your mouth. Here's a line from a song in the movie... "a little bit is better than nada, sometimes you want the whole enchilada" Not even the sexy Renee Russo saves this shit stake.

JOE'S APARTMENT

Well, if you watch this right after Tin Cup, it ain't bad. Bit in realityville, it stinks big time. Ever wonder why nothing you see on MTV is funny? This is why. MTV's first movie about singing cockroaches. Boy the talent.

CHAIN REACTION

This is another example of what I call the "shitty actor wallpaper syndrome" Hollywood thinks that if you put a shitty actor like let's say Keanu Reeves on the screen next to a great actor like say Morgan Freeman, everything's good. Wrong. What it does is expose the shitty actor for what he is... wallpaper. Besides, this movie stinks anyway.

THE CROW 2 CITY OF ANGELS

Could this be the shittiest movie of all time? Dunno. I haven't seen Rocky 7 yet, so the jury is out.

A TIME TO KILL

Well if I had to pick one of the top five movies of the year, this would be one of them. Based on a novel that was based on a true story, A Time to Kill will probably make you want to cry. It is outstanding. Matthew McCounahay, Sandra Bullock, Keifer Sutherland and

Samuel Jackson. Man what a good movie. Nothing else to say or explain, just see it.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU

Marlon Brando plays a fat psychotic general who takes over an island, and Val Kilmer goes in to get him out ala Martin Sheen in Apocalypse Now. The problem is you think I am joking. I am not. This movie is laughably bad.

THE FRIGHTENERS

Cool movie. Ghosts, serial killers, slime, and the ominous figure of death. Not to mention that crazy drill sergeant from Full Metal Jacket. Cool huh?

A FAMILY THING

Robert Duvall just continues to make great movies. If you see a movie that Robert Duvall is in, get it. You can be sure that there is some redeeming quality, but more than likely you will see a great movie. In this flick, Duvall plays the half brother of a black policeman from Chicago played by James Earl Jones. It is funny, sad, and very well done. I would watch it again and again.

—Mr. Pink



ABSURDITY SURMISE

—Lars

...*"When all we wanted was the dream to have and hold that precious thing like every generation yields the newborn hope unjaded by their years"* —Sarah McLachlan

Quite an incredulous past three months, tantamount to loquacious living, magnifying the uncommon and indescribable. Sometime garrulous, hate to admit. And yet, to paraphrase Brandon Lee again "nothing is ever trivial." Those amorous intents, men alive or dead. Longing for the unattainable tends to enhance the desirability factor thereof.

Imbued with ephemeral bemusement over the text setting, I thoroughly enjoyed the gut splitting hilarity provided with "avant-garden", "love gentleman" and "receding (recording) artist". Ostensibly, I find my own capacity for witty repartee inadequate, although likely survived on the reader. The typesetting bolstered the humor factor. At an impasse, our congenial Editor has obliged this task until my computer dilemma is rectified. Home (versus work) computer bound perhaps by next month when I program a new, updated gadget and inherit this toy. A "sooners" sojourn rather than "Later Lars" denouement. Nes Pas?

Inky Stinky par le vous! And thanx nada y pues nada for the heartless, contemptuous, callous, loathsome, curlish and pejorative anonymous mailed item ditty. Enough of this self-flagellation and folderol, creativity doesn't always equate to a destitute lifestyle. Nor defeatist, malingering attitudes. Fringe folie cirque. Exempt from a compensatory rebel status. But then, I am exonerated as a conscientious objector of pragmatism. It's the birthright of the youngest sibling to challenge the kosher status quo docility. That mundanity. Xenophobic Phillistines. Raconteurs. Erin Go Bragh (translates: I Live Forever). *"the world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places, but those it will not break, it*

kills. It kills the very good, the very gentle, and the very brave, impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure that it will kill you too, but there will be no special hurry" —Ernest Hemingway

Be sure to bypass the cutlery aisle when entering the surreal zone. A bloodless coup d'état to compensate for a timid childhood, abrogated by the solemnity of solitude. Humility. Simpatico indentured servitude complied. Caretaking reciprocated. Happiness isn't synonymous with a fucking price tag. What suffices for many members of society is never complete. That superficiality. Malcontent am I! Grant us love and communication. Mutually empowered. Eviscerating personal demons. Actress Vivien Leigh was indeed committed (hospitalized) for malevolent hyperactivity. Been there in affect 4 years ago, I was spared. If the people close to me had involuntarily stabilized that mania, I promised to never forgive or forget. Health depends on forgiving. And it's my responsibility to ne'er surrender to that madness. It cost me my best written work, and ultimately, my sanity. Taking upon myself to vow and affirmed oath that the sacrifice to anyone or anything wasn't worth the estimated 1,000 pages evermore, genius attained and decimated. Indubitably, I defy your self-aggrandizing, ingratiating society. My spirit shall ne'er perish. Declaration and ode to humanity!

Entranced...enthralled in the effervescence of infrequent solitude. The vicissitude, solace, and splendor of the natural world. The divinity of dawn and dusk. Exquisite sunsets. The possibility of future romantic rendezvous. Acquiesced interludes in the metaphysical rapture of desire, yearning and regrets. Deprecatory dysphoric-manic steadfast on the odyssey. The symbiosis of euphoria and despair interpreting layered words...prefix, suffix, and abstraction...hearing unmitigatingly on a multivalence of levels. Subsisting in amorphous limber dexterity. Amplified. Brighter. Accentuation. Punctuating the

posi-pluses. Affirmation of the Sagittarian optimist. The wisdom to convalesce. The wherewithal and integrity. Tranquil. Exemplary. For all hardship brings greatness. Virtuosity. The impassioned pleas of the non-sequitur.

For instance, thee premonition. The preliminary, precognitive ability to foretell and intuit events, instinctive. That "still, small voice within". Doppelganger or good chi? Memorable imagery. This emotive drive, hallucinations and suicide. Dancing no longer therapeutic. Initially, heights surpassing eminent spiritual nirvanas. All-encompassing, alluring, empathic, sensual opulence. Vintage ardor, and excelling in high-strung exhilaration. Inundated by the seduction, disequilibrium. Lucid. Temporary insanity. "Day dreaming" takes on an entirely new meaning. Assimilating the incubus, comedienne, and sanctimonious. Dreams in the awake state. Never allow guilt and abject fear to claim soul's host. To read, write, and numericalize unencumbered of racing thought. To sleep, period. To slumber calm of the taut fetus or inclement postures. Dalliance in a nullified void. A dancer's heart arrhythmias. Vituperative, unpredictable and temperamental. Waiting to teach dance again in the depressive's orderly routine and patience.

A sinewy 25 lbs lighter, rib cage and spine protruding. Absurd mirror image mocks any imperfections or iota of fat. Semi-anorexic. Definitely anorexic tendencies, and I'd never chide the lefty people, especially the comprehension of personal struggles about weight. Movement that would render in-shape dancers prostate to the flow in exhaustion. Medicating or self-medicating in moderation. The intuition and introspection to moderate.

Sleepless and accident prone. Vehicular or bodily. On a snowy December 1st, I met with the fates. As of the long ago punk mindset, I still tend to perceive the cop personality as attracting likewise to the licensed assassin

modus operandi. Two cordial officers decided not to cite either driver, even before I protested the tailgating. Fellows! Please stop your incessant, invasive tailing and violative maneuvering!!!! The amiable "hitman" from St. George drove a red Impala. Emphasize: RED. I'm wary of the personality behind a hothead, raging red or sleek, dementia black vehicle. Of course, these are exaggerative generalizations meriting truth. Particularly untrustworthy are dark trucks with over-inflated, huge tires. Truly a sexual connotation. Chauvinist. An elusive attempt to boost a puny ego and low self esteem.

Recently facilitated with sleep restoral and faculties intact, I sought CDs of associates in BLOODFISH and HANDSOME. At RAUNCH, it was a nice surprise to behold a maturing, knowledgeable Jim Kimball lending assistance. I met this youngster from the straghtedgy SEARCH band years preceding, now involved in STELLA BRASS. Also purchased "jabbin" BLOODFISH with those cohorts Danno and Shaman rejoined from a decades' earlier hardcore HATE X 9. HANDSOME is still out-of-supply(yawn, sigh, raspberries). Jeremy Chatelain corresponds from B'klyn, NYC. Last I heard from Jer, the band were expectant of CD promotion post-recording at Seattle's SubPop H.Q. Gentry Densly of ICEBURN finished his U of U Music degree and along with the whatever incarnation of the band moved to L.A. The next smart plan is a NYC jam with the already established ensemble ties with the likes of Miles Davis' counterpart musicians. Best regards!! While we're on the subject of local luminaries, someone please provide information regarding 3 & 1/2 GIRLS. Charlee Johnson of POWERSLAVE and DEVIANCE (reformed as the aforementioned) supposedly relocated to the East Coast to remunerate A&M Polygram Records and other simulated, interested indie labels.

Til Next Month

—Laura Swensen

SIN SHAKERS

The Sin Shakers are one of the more interesting upcoming shows. The band is now based out of Denver, but they do have a Salt Lake City connection. Since the only info I had on them was a two-song cassette tape recorded live to boom box I am going to steal a bit from the "ubiquitous" Jon Shuman. I hope he doesn't mind and if he does...I guess he won't serve me the next time I'm in Spanky's. I also had a short phone conversation with Norm Frasier, one of the band's two guitarists, the founder of the band and a former Salt

Lake resident. He relocated from Salt Lake City to Denver for the Sin Shakers. Salt Lake City can't manage to

keep any kind of rockabilly/roots scene going, but in Denver the shit is thriving. The Sin Shakers are planning to enter a studio this weekend to record 8 to 10 songs with Hillbilly Hellcats production. This recording may or may not be available for purchase when they arrive.

Norm told me their style is neorockabilly with some surf influences. Here's what I can grasp from the boom box recording. "Nuthin' To Lose" has a most definite tribute to Link Wray in the intro. The A-side, "Dunebuggy," is an instrumental combining surf, country and rockabilly. The band has played some gigs with the Duckie Boys and I'm claiming a bit of that fucked-up country influence has rubbed off on them. The Sin Shakers feature the two guitarists, a drummer, a singer and a female on the stand-up bass. They will be at Brown's in Payson on January 16, ABG's in Provo on January 15 and on Saturday January 17 they will be at Spanky's. Atomic Deluxe might open, otherwise watch for the Duckie Boys, or maybe the Swamp Donkeys, or maybe PCP Berserker since Shuman is acquainted with Frasier or maybe even Crapshoot since that is the band of Jamie Shuman.

MARILYN MANSON

I do believe I'll rely some on Johnny Pecorelli for this piece on Marilyn Manson. He spent Thanksgiving 1995 and the eve

of 1996's birth hob knobbing (or was it knob bobbing or...) with the band.

"I don't think I can even sit at the same table as

you, mutters Twiggy Ramirez, flipping a lime wedge at me. Marilyn Manson's gaunt, cross-dressing bassist is pissed off that I asked for the traditional word of prayer before we cut into the Thanksgiving bird. Okay then, I say, the least we could do is ponder what we have to be thankful for this holiday season. 'I'm thankful I have two middle fingers,' sneers lead singer Marilyn, showing them both to me. 'I only wish I had more.' 'I refuse to even eat,' puts in keyboardist Madonna Wayne Gacy, whose bald head and half-foot devil goatee have him looking like a cross between

Vladimir Lenin and Nosferatu. 'How could I endorse any holiday that symbolizes cooperation among peoples?'

At this point Marilyn announces his plan to sodomize me later, after which we'll 'devirginize' Donny Osmond, who's staying in the same hotel, too. I tell him I think Donny's been married and is no virgin." That is a beautiful beginning for a story on Marilyn Manson. Utah boy meets an ordained minister in the church of Satan. Give Mr. Pecorelli a big hand. Continuing with the sordid tale is the word that the Swamp Donkey's leader actually gave Marilyn Manson the idea of tearing up a Book Of Mormon on the Delta Center stage. He told him where to find one free. Since Book Of Mormon's are now sold via an 800 number on late night cable television I'm sure the information was astounding to Marilyn. This tale was told

in the pages of the Private Eye Weekly by Bill Frost, the one and the same Bill Frost who compared the lives of Marilyn and John Tesh in the pages of grid.

Then there is the information that Marilyn Manson has once again been banned from performing in Salt Lake City. When I informed Interscope's publicist that due the record label's misguided attempt at promotion (they mailed a tube of posters featuring the Manson family engaged in "sick" behavior to the Fairpark management) she replied, "That's rock and roll." "We experimented in pain, we experimented with narcotics, Hebrew Kabbalism, numerology has become very important on the new album - When you look at it very carefully people can read into a lot of the numbers and symbols." "What we've done with this album," Manson declares, "and I think quite successfully is, create a musical ritual that would bring about the Apocalypse." "As outrageous as Manson's shtick is, he still seems stuck in that phase where pissing off mom and dad is his main priority. Manson recalls a gig his parents attended

last year in their home state of Florida: 'Someone from Nine Inch Nails came on and started doing obscene things, and I got involved in that. I saw my parents after the show and I said, 'Dad this is the guy whose, uh, dick I just sucked.' " "America should be proud of Marilyn Manson,"

Manson once said, "because it is very responsible for us." Love them or hate them that last quote is true. The band will appear someplace on January 11...maybe.

LOS INFERNOS

One song and the record label had me searching the thank you list for the Cadillac Tramps. Sure enough there they are along with the Beat Farmers, Tenderloin and others. **PLANET KAOS!**, Los Infernos Doctor Dream debut, is dedicated to Country Dick Montana and several other deceased individuals. Much like the aforementioned bands Los Infernos are playing what some would term rockabilly, others would call roots rock and still oth-



ers would lump into the garage pile. While the band does encompass bits of all the genres as well as some surf guitar the best way to describe them is as a bar-room-brawl with punk roots showing. It is important to note that there are several Latino's involved in the band. Rather than pigeon-hole their instrumental, "Planet Kaos," into the narrow "surf" niche, I'll state that there are hints as to their musical heritage revealed in that song and "Lost And Confused." Booze, bluez, punk, garage, rockabilly, surf and all the terms used to describe a Cadillac Tramps/Beat Farmers/Tenderloin show apply. In spite of the lack of chart topping hit records all three of those bands are renowned for the live version. From the sound of the CD Los Infernos will have little trouble matching them. Some bands are created for bars, Los Infernos are one of them. They'll visit Spanky's Cinema Bar on January 21.

GREAT WHITE, APRIL WINE AND BLUE OYSTER CULT

Just when it seemed that the year of the summer concert dinosaurs was destined for a mere memory the Holy Cow has taken over where J.C. McNeil left off. The year 1997 kicks off with a bang and three former arena headliners reduced to making their living right back where they started from—in a bar. Don't miss these former poodle heads of the metal variety taking over the small stage at the Holy Cow. I can hardly restrain myself as I imagine Blue Oyster Cult running through their sole claim to fame – "Don't Fear The Reaper" as the Holy Cow frat-boys mix things up with the trailer park crowd in their unlaced Converse hightops. But come on you say, wasn't April Wine one of the greatest of all time. Didn't they rank right up there with Night Ranger and Loverboy. Of course they did and I can't wait to view their bus, or is it a van nowadays, pulling into the Holy Cow parking lot. Hi, we're April Wine and we are here to prove that stadium metal will never die. I'm hoping the lead singer of Great White is combing whatever remains of his hair down into the Beta locks he sported back when Woolly Waldron was still a DJ and not the proud owner of the worst radio station to

crowd an already crowded radio dial. Please forgive me. I'm having flashbacks from the 25 micrograms of LSD heavily laced with West Valley City "crank lab" methamphetamine I ingested to see these bands back when I was an impressionable teenager. This is the music I grew up with maaaaan. It's the greatest rock and roll of all time maaaaan. If the Holy Cow line-up of "metal" fails to impress please view the Flock Of Seagulls earlier in the month and hope that there are some crickets around for them to eat. I'm certainly not purchasing any of their tour souvenirs so they can eat lunch. Geez.



GOLDFINGER, THE SKELETONES AND REEL BIG FISH

The biggest name on this ticket is going to have some difficulty following the openers. Goldfinger have the commercial success and name recognition to draw a few sheep of the so-called "alternative" nation out of their pens. As much as the radio station tries to distance itself from the "alternative" cliché the listeners fail to understand. It's over fuckers. Wake up. Goldfinger is not an "alternative" band. They are a ska-punk band. So are the Skeletones and Reel Big Fish. Of the three I enjoy Reel Big Fish the most. I do believe this crew will turn a few heads when they take the stage and bang out their sarcastic shit-storm of skankin' licks. While on the subject of skank consider the Skeletones.

They've traveled to Utah numerous times in the past. Fuck they even played the Zephyr Club. Now that their CD, *Dr. Bones*, is racking up massive sales figures on the road they head back to Utah and the attendant rude boys on scooters who think this is London circa 1977. Along with that group of past dwellers are the silly boys wearing orange mohawks and spiked leather. Put these two groups together with the never-say-die UPC punks and X-96 listeners to discover a wonderful evening of human interaction backed by highly energetic music on the stage. Goldfinger will play their hit singles and they'd better drink gallons of Jolt

because like I already said: the two opening bands are tough acts to follow. This one's at DV8 on January 14.

ATOMIC DELUXE CD RELEASE PARTY

On January 18 Atomic Deluxe will appear at Burt's Tiki lounge with their brand new CD. They will have previously appeared in P:ovo for the enjoyment of all residing to the south. Atomic Deluxe is two parts Voodoo Swing, one part Rattlekings /Broken Hearts and one part new stand-up bassist. They have created a sound blending elements from their previous bands – rockabilly, honky tonk – and added a bit more of the swing. Laura Jones is widely renowned for her vocal prowess with a honky tonk

song. It's as if Wanda Jackson, Patsy Cline and Janis Martin had all joined up in the same body. Actually I think Rosie Flores is living in there too. Shorty spent some time down in Phoenix taking lessons from Al Casey. While his standard blues-a-billy guitar style remains in place the time he spent with Casey rounded out some rough spots and gave him more polish and swing. The new bass man, "Kid" Kelly Larson, is pretty hot in spite of his young age. At present the band is grounded by Leroy. That could change in the future. I have yet to see the band live, but from the sound of Swing Time Shoot 'Em Up, Burt's Tiki Lounge is the place to be on January 18.

CRAZY UNCLE GRISTS HORRORSCOPE

AQUARIUS JAN 20 — FEB 18

You see me everywhere you go you see me in the mirror you see me on a billboard you see me in your own shaking hands. My name is paradox and I have the same problem only in reverse.

PISCES FEB 19 — MAR 20

Your obsession with rusty old loboto-my tool is just what the doctor ordered. Spend this month learning as many secret club handshakes as possible. You need more crabgrass in your diet. Time spent caressing each and every dirty sock will pay off ten fold. But stop Using comtrex and JD as a dimensional window finding formula.

ARIES MAR 21 — APRIL 19

You have been sitting there all morning you were going to do something but you cant remember what. Jeb is staring out the trailer door. You know he is seeing the life he could have had. The double wide next door, if only he had made the right choices, taken the right path. He turns like a rabid dog, "you kids shut the fuck up"!! And you see a large piece of spit launch from his mouth Half of the glob never made freedom it hit his lip and flopped down his chin, but the other half as if inspired by his fallen comrade. Like a rocket ship into space. And you witness every second of it's escape as it fly's through the air. You realize a buzzing is the sound track to it's flight, as the projectile glob goes further the buzzing gets louder until it hits the good reverent falafel in the face. And in the last bit of

magic somehow magnifies the dots from the TV screen and television never looked so beautiful as through that little glob of spit. Just then grams stands up and screams "Jeb, watch your filthy damn mouth on th' day of the lord"!! Yes, ma. He murmured as he turned back. And during all the commotion bufford Our pit bull/lab-terrier/poodle cross had jumped onto the coffee table and was eating the last of your cheerios, and beth ann says Look, he thinks he's people. And you thought ha, he thinks he's people.

TAURUS APRIL 20 — MAY 20

To use a metaphor, you have found your self in a dark gray box. It smells like old rotting metal but it looks like sharp jagged cement The bubbles on the walls are condensation, yes your own breath. As a matter of fact you are standing in two feet of your own breath. You have been there a while. How? Why? Well, we are our own carpenter of such devices. Was it the mattress tag? A grape in the supermarket? Forget to take out the trash? Aaaa it's probably nothing forget about it and it will go away.

GEMINI MAY 21 — JUNE 20

When I was a kid I traded Gl Joe's frogs and marbles. And we used to throw dirt clods at the girl next door. And one day we were playing doctor she said my penis needed fixing, And she did not have her doctor bag with her. So she said she had to kiss it better. We were both too young to have a clue as to what just happened. It wasn't sexual by any means

at the time. And it only happened once. But I never threw a dirt clod at her ever again. As a matter of fact I got in a fight with every kid on the block that Ever harassed her from that day on. So what exactly am I saying???

CANCER JUNE 21 — JULY 22

It's more than a little ironic that your sign is a deadly disease that kill countless people each year.

LEO JULY 23 — AUG 22

Take i-15 south for 4 hours, you will see a sign that says pijogoma take that exit heading west for 2 hours exactly then turn off the road 3 1/2 miles off the road you will see a large aunt hill. Ask for aunt bee. She will give you 3 cans of dolphin unsafe tuna fish, 2 feet of small intestine and one white pill. Ok. Take the pill. Beat your self on the head with the tuna cans until you crack 2 cans open. Take the small intestine and tie a knot in one end and put the 3rd can in so its down by the knot. This will make a formidable weapon. Now stay there for the rest of your life. And your legend has written it's self.

VIRGO AUG 23 — SEPT 22

Listen close I will only say this once! You can read it twice but it wont help. Picture a large egg made of brick 15 feet tall & 8 feet wide. There are twelve heads on this egg, well twelve faces the skin of the faces is all that is visible. The back of the skulls and their spinal cords are all emerged in a common fluid. This fluid is not at all like blood, more like superconductor sludge. So there can

be no secrets in the egg. They are all individuals. With no way to keep their own thoughts. So conversation is useless. But! Every so often a stray thought comes out like "I wish I had a gun" or "I want my mommy"

LIBRA SEPT 23 — OCT 22

You see your self as strong. You are warm in your home. You feel untouchable. You forget on a daily basis how frail you are You are flesh and blood, almost everything on earth can hurt you Small bugs, rocks, a tree branch. You are but a droplet of water in a hurricane. Now that I have knocked you down, let me sell you a hand up with a little something I've been pushing these days. It's called a soul. Yes indeedy steel cant pierce it, you cant boil it or blow it up. It's forever, as are the payments. I can prove to you that you are going to die. But I can't prove that you don't have a soul. So for a small fee I can "fix you up" as it were. Having a bad case of mortal realization?? Give us a call.

SCORPIO OCT 23 — NOV 21

Scorpio, scorpio, scorpio, scorpio, scorpio, look at me Everyone I am a scorpio ooooooooooooo Mr... Fancy pants the big Scorpio Well let me tell you something, I don't give a fuck..... Bbblllllaaaahhhhhh..... You got me??????

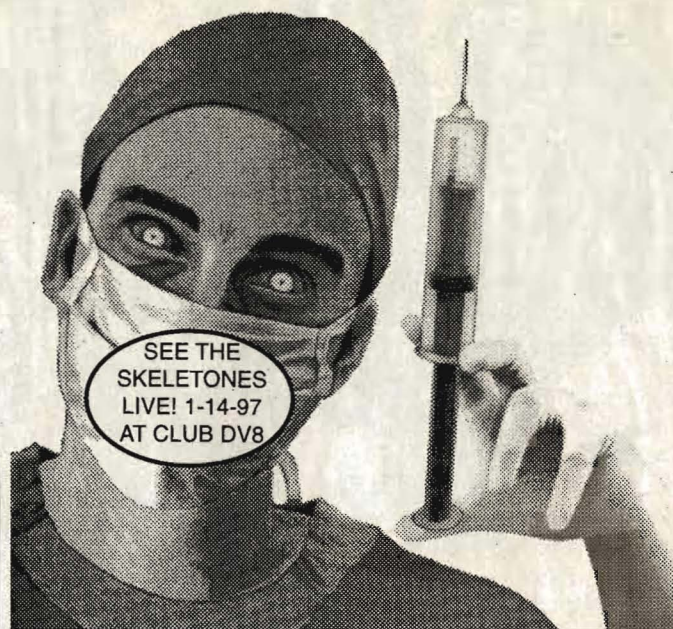
SAGITTARIUS NOV 22 — DEC 21

Every morning you wake up and the frost in your eyes and the crows on your shoulders are just another bitter reminder. You are thinking "coffee" man just one cup would do me. And as the sun comes up the frost wears off and you see the bastards, that's right drinking coffee. Laughing in your face. And eventually they come out and walk right up to you. As much as you hate them you want them to say hey man how's about I go get you a hot cup of coffee?

But nooooo. They stuff the rags back in your shirt and put the straw hat back on your head and walk away.

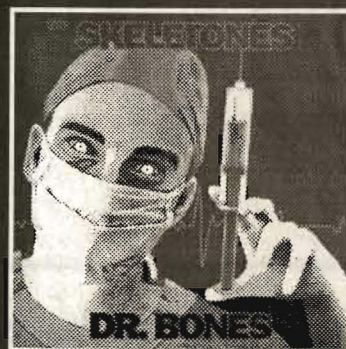
CAPRICORN DEC 22 — JAN 19

Having a birthday in January sucks!



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1996

The Year in Your Rear



Crown Revue and The Mighty Blue Kings who both played at the Zephyr? Monster Mike Welch or Palace? The complete absurdity of the Rage Against The Machine show. Garage Party Tres with the Nomads and the Mono Men. Go ahead and praise the record Frosty, I saw them play and I also saw Japanese noise merchants Ultrabidé. Core, Clutch and Orange 9mm in an old church? Cibo Mato? 7 Year Bitch twice? Ani Difranco, Catie Curtis, Les Thugs, the Fixtures, the Buzzcocks, Catfish Keith, the Meices twice, Tribe 8 – the best shows were in the clubs with a few at more respectable

venues – the Smokin' Grooves tour at Wolf Mountain, the Bluegrass Festival in Park City?

Who cares if thousands of people read the Salt Lake Tribune and believe that the Private Eye is cutting edge. We know better and yeah, while we didn't catch all the "good" shows we did see enough to believe that '96 was a pretty good year for live music in Salt Lake. Support the clubs and the local musicians, even if you hate most of the stupid bastards. They're doing it for the kids. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, and so is Elvis Christ.

1996

THE YEAR IN YOUR REAR...

Well, if it seems like I wait for the other writers in town to make asses of themselves and then make fun of them... I DO! It's so easy and it fits in with my SLUG salary.

Here's some rules to live by. If all the brain trusts at the Private Eye & The Event like it, it probably sucks. "Uh Beck is cool, uh old school, uh I'll buy anything" That's why before buying a

shitty CD you should listen to it first at some place like my **Record Store of the Year — Salt City CDs**. Yes they over categorize everything, but still have that old record store vibe.

When I think of all the club gigs and small shows last year I feel like I should be awarding an Idiot of the Year but... **Show of the Year — Psyclone Rangers w/Decomposers @ Spankys**. No doubt the most rockin night all year. Poser garage rock bands need not apply, this was the real jake.

Although I agree with the other SLUG hacks that radio free Utah means Utah is free of any radio stations, I have a little softy in my heart for **Monday Night KRCL as Best Radio Station** X96 is disco, and everyone else is either bad 80's rock or the C word...country

Local bands?, hmm local bands, local bands. All local bands suck because the audience isn't intelligent enough to listen to anything cool, (eat me Christian) however if I had to pick the **Best Local Band of 96 — PCP Berzerker**. Why? Only one reason. They Rock. Period. End of discussion.

Well I suppose I should award some kind of print media thing other than best writer of the year, (me!) but what can you do when you have Private Eye, Event & Grid all slugging it out to see who is the biggest moron on paper. So for a real fair award, go with the lowest common denominator. **Worst Grid Issue of 96 — too tough to call**. All of them are full of outdated record reviews, fads are us, and rehashed articles that appeared here in SLUG a year before!

Now we can talk about art. Everyone has an opinion, sure but this is a no brainer. **Best Blue Boutique Ad — March 96** More piercing than a Ben Fulton commentary, and somehow sexy!

I suppose that I could name every damn thing that happened last year & stick a tag on it, but then that would be a Private Eye best of. The fact is we live in mundanesville, so if anything cool happens, it's cool. As far as art, street fairs, or anything that would qualify Salt Lake as a real city... That is never gonna happen until we change them silly drinking laws, lose the foofy underwear and spend a little money on something besides Pioneer Day.

—JONNY BELVIN

You've read the rundown on the year in the other rags. The Private Eye sat around in front of their computer screens reviewing records because they missed most of the good shows. The Salt Lake Tribune had Lori Buttars write a piece which mentioned Bluffstock. Lori Buttars was the only local writer to attend Bluffstock, she was also the only writer to interview both Styx and John Tesh. No one else was stupid enough. What was actually cool about last year? Was it the tedious hippie shows at Wolf Mountain? I think not. Was it the return to the '60s and '70s Buttars wasted so much newsprint on? Again, I think not. What was cool in '96?

How about the Madball riot at Spanky's? I guess there won't be any more all age shows at that place. How about Girls Against Boys at the Bar and Grill? Did you see the Misfits at Bricks? Jon Spencer and Railroad Jerk at DV8? Social Distortion at DV8, John Hammond and Duke Robillard at Red Butte or Neurosis at DV8? How about that Big Ass Show and Beck? Or what about the punk rock extravaganza of the year – The Vans Warped Tour. The Butthole Surfers and Gibby's bad mood? The Reverend Horton Heat twice? Tenderloin at least three or four times? The Flat Duo Jets? The Slayer riot? Royal

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SLUG'S TOP LOCAL RELEASES OF 1996

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YOU SENT IT TO THE WRONG ADDRESS.

ATOMIC DELUXE

SWEET LORETTA

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ANY EXPLODING FRENCH TAPE

DAMAJ

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KYLE WULLIE

LOOSE

ASA

GO FIGURE

ABSTRAK

PAT CARNAHAN

JACK QUIST

DONNA SMITH

THE JACKMORMONS

LUGNUT

CRAPSHOOT

THE SLUG HACK TOP 50 OF 1996

There were over 21,000 titles released on CD during 1996 and I doubt that the number includes the literally thousands of "locals only" releases. There is no way in hell that anyone could listen to all 21,000 and pick the ten best. Just like I did last year I'll pick 50 that I listened to and liked. Anyone claiming 1996 was a "weak" release year must be employed by one of the "near bankrupt" retail chains.

Gillian Welch	Pomegranate
Wayne Hancock	Torcher
The Derailers	Vision Of Disorder
16 Horsepower	Mermen
Royal Crown Revue	The Goops
Neurosis	Autechre
7 Year Bitch	Doo Rag
R.L. Burnside	The Cows
Chrome Cranks	Delta 72
Jon Spencer Blues	Orange 9mm
Explosion	Red Aunts
Railroad Jerk	Downset
Oblivians	Earth Crisis
New Bomb Turks	Godflesh
Flat Duo Jets	Tricky
Saturn's Flea Collar	The Pleasure Fuckers
Moonshine Willy	Creedle
Ani DiFranco	Jon & The
Sebadoh	Nightriders
The Mighty Blue	The Halibuts
Kings	High Noon
Fluffy	Ray Condo
[Tchung]	Jimmy Sturr
Dick Dale	
Davie Allan	Screw each and
Jawbox	every one of you and
Cibo Mato	go find something
Mojave 3	as good as this shit
Girls Against Boys	to listen to in '97

MUSIC 2 YOUR EARS GRAND OPENING!!

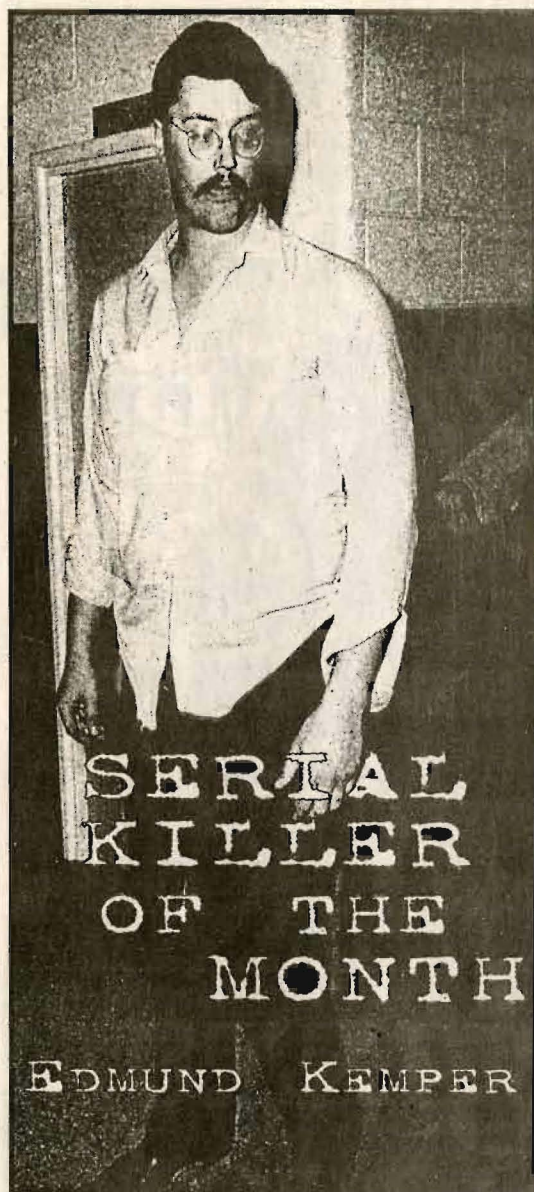
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When he was released from Atascadero maximum security mental hospital in 1969 in California, there were orders that Edmund Kemper not be returned to the care of his mother. Having spent five years in the facility, Kemper graduated from being the youngest inmate, to being one of the smartest and tallest - '6, '9 and 280 pounds - he also resumed the quest to clear his murderous mind of its final object. Having killed his grandmother and grandfather when he was 14, his mother remained alive.

The black center at the personality of Kemper revealed itself early, following his parent's

divorce - which he blamed exclusively on his mother and her "castrating" treatment of his father when he returned from World War II. He would play a condemned man and writhe in pain as his sister released imaginary cyanide gas pellets into the death chamber. He would steal her dolls and cut off their heads and hands. He soon started doing this with the houses pets and local animals. When it was revealed that he was attracted to one of his teachers, his sister chided him, saying "your gonna kiss your teacher."

Kemper soberly replied, "If I

kiss her, I have to kill her first."

When his mother finally couldn't deal with his odd behavior keeping her from finding a man to sleep with, Edmund was sent to live with his grandmother. Before long her chiding drove him bonkers. And one day, while heading out to shoot birds with a .22, she made an angry warning about killing the birds as he left the house. And he shot her. Then stabbed and hid the body. He considered necrophelia, but didn't have time, when he heard his grandfather returning. He shot him as he opened the trunk.

When he called his mother to ask what he should

do, she told him to call the police. He was found insane and placed in Atascadero indefinitely.

Kemper soon learned all the answers to the mental health tests, as he was a psychiatrists assistant in the hospital. And in five years he walked and talked like a sane and healed man. A sane and healed sadistic murdering motherfucker (or soon would be).

Kemper spent some time at a halfway house, then ended up at his mother's again. He practiced driving, and then practiced picking up hitchhikers. He would drive them in wrong directions, and make other mistakes, just to watch their reactions. When he had learned how to do what he wanted while driving hikers around without arousing suspicion, then he was ready.

With a body sized bag, hand cuffs a knife and a bat, some tarp, some cord, and a .9mm Browning hand gun he went looking. He picked up a pair of hitchhikers from Fresno State College, two girls Anita Luchessa and Mary Ann Pesce, both 18. It was 1972, and the two trusting girls ended up in an abandoned orchard with Kemper. When the asked what he wanted he said, "You know what I want." Luchessa sagged. But Pesce started calmly talking with Kemper about his problems. He acted like he would return them to their apartment, but Luchessa would have to get in the trunk. Then with Pesce handcuffed to the seatbelt latch he put Luchessa in the trunk. Pesce then was placed with the handcuffs behind her back, and a bag was tightened over her head. He said he would put a hole in it. But he tied it across her neck with a cloth instead. Then she started screaming but with control, demanding to be let go. So he took out a knife and stabbed her several times in the back, until bubbles started to come out in the blood. The bag had worked its way loose from her head with her convulsions. And finally he cut her throat. "There was absolutely no

contact with improper areas," Kemper later said.

Then he opened the trunk, and stabbed Luchessa in the side, and then in the eye, trying to go through the socket. Then he stuck his fingers in her mouth to silence her, and watched while she slowly died.

As all the rest of his hitchhiking victims would be treated, Kemper took the two bodies home and cut their heads and hands off.

Kemper killed four more young hitchhikers in roughly the same way, but left their headless and handless bodies scattered around streetsides and backyards.

The heads and hands he would keep near him, either in his room, or buried in the lawn behind his mother's house.

He took Polaroids of his victims in various states of dismemberment, and had sex with the headless bodies. Some of the victims flesh was often eaten. and hair and personal effects kept.

When the murders started showing up in Kemper's neighborhood, and his presence was placed near some of the crimes, the cops came to his house. But he talked his way out of the situation. Time was running out.

Kemper went that night to his mother's house, and bashed her skull in, cut her head off and fucked her. Then to cover his tracks. He went to his mother's best friends house. Killed her, cut her head off and fucked her too. Then he left a note on her front door saying that the pair had gone on vacation. He also called his mother's work to say that she was ill, and wouldn't be in for a few days.

Within two days, Kemper broke, called the police and confessed to all the crimes. One officer later said "He is the nicest, smartest monster I have ever met."

Kemper got life without parole.

Bustin the Nut

—David McClellan

Usually when I write this article, I'm not sober. I think of Brando, the stick of butter, little John John saluting his dad, and sometimes even Bogart in his prime balling a nineteen year old Lauren Bacall in "The Big Sleep" and the next thing I know, out pops a goddamn masterpiece. You know how it is, everybody goes to Rick's... So Lugnut amazingly enough got invited to play the South by Southwest preliminary showdown last night (this article isn't late, Gianni, it's just fashionably post due) and I'll tell you the whole damn thing was rigged! From the moment we got there and they made us sign a letter stating that we wouldn't sue the Zephyr for being picked to play the role of "the losers" or something like that right down to the blatant disregard of my own bands personal rider which states that there be upon our arrival at the venue: 1)tray of warm goat cheese baguettes, Beluga caviar, dietetic WheatThins, medium sized queen olives with pimentos, lox, fresh New Yorkbagels flown in of course, creamed herring, a case of Pellegrino water, a personal trainer/wardrobe assistant/female companion for me, challa bread french toast, a fully stocked humidor with Cuban cigars, and a plush white bathrobe with my initials stenciled on the left breast pocket in gold threading and matching slippers. We are also supposed to have a receiving line as we arrive, of people telling us how brilliant we are, screaming our names, Ringo, John, Yoko, and George, and asking us

repeatedly to sign our newrecord "Magical Mystery Tour" before fainting. Then we specifically ask that a party be thrown at a local hotel of the club owners choice after the show "in the vein of a Freddie Mercury love-in".

Is that so much to ask? We are a rock band. Y'all local folks remember rock bands, right? Like Foghat, The NUUUGE, and Molly goddamned Hatchet! Well none of this was supplied to us or any other of the bands that played at the Cinema Bar last night for that matter. Why? Because the fucker was RIGGED! I've said it before and I'll say it again, that the utter lack of respect and human kindness that the club owners have for our small local contingent of bands is utterly appalling. For instance, when the futuristic heavy metal band "Those Speed Balling Demons" (now and forever to be known and remembered as the frighteningly surreal ghosts of Christmas' past) hit the stage, I specifically know that they requested in their rider a "laser light show to be at least on par with that of the final assault sequence in the made for T.V.

movie Battlestar Galactica starring Lorne Greene..." What they got was one blue light, one red light and one more blue light which was switched on and off at key points in their set to "create drama". Oh it was a puppet show alright. But nothing like the David Copperfield Gala display that those guys are used to when they play those sellout shows in the clubhouse of their grandmother's trailer park! I talked with their videographer after the show, the esteemed great grandson of the esteemed Cecil B. DeMille and he said to me: "For a minute there I was worried. I don't know how they got through the set with such aberrant and unscrupulous disrespect. There is definitely some tom foolery going on in this town tonight..." Oh

I heard Loose and that band masquerading around as the new Mary Monique and Loretta had a dandy old time at the all you can eat granola/hash brownie buffet sponsored by Birkenstock that was spread out for them over at the Dead Goat Saloon! Of course the darling buds of the sponsors of the SXSW contest are going to get a well hung receiving line upon their entrance to the club! It's all about advertising isn't it?! This rigging of the shows is quite reprehensible and most disgusting if you ask me. Treating us, the talent, like cattle or the common well lubricated Utah farmer's daughter... Well fuck you too. So it's the beginning of the year and I feel obliged to give you all some kind of list of some sort that explains in a nutshell

why 1996 was such a crackerjack year. But I'll be damned if I can

remember much past last week except in large blocks of overly dramatized situations and sentimental conversations that probably never even took place except in my head. So screw that

idea right off the bat. I want to tell that pussy whipped David Bowie look alike sonofabitch who quit PCP Berserker because his new girlfriend doesn't want him running around dressing up in better lingerie than her and running up a big bill at Ann Taylor, to get some balls. There aren't that many people out there who can pretend to play guitar as good as you or who can wear a feather boa on stage and really look like a David Bowie look alike. That kind of shit can not be taught and those of us who know and create the trends can see that you have a great talent, Michael Whatever your name is. You need to show the people of this city that Bowie is still alive and well and on stage amidst a pillar of fire at the forefront of every PCP Berserker show that

is ever played. You need to put things into perspective and ask yourself, am I evil? Is my personal welfare worth the risk of angering the Mean Old Master? If there really is a lock pick in his asshole, then it is confirmed that Bowie can't do this shit alone anymore. Iman takes up way too much of his time and then he's out dicking around with that Tin Machine embarrassment that nobody really likes except for the fact that he's in it. For the greater good of the people and for the forward progression of mankind, stop being so selfish you whipped crybaby and let the power of Bowie command your life and your true calling. To be like Bowie is to be like a god, you stupid sonofabitch! Love play is for later. Right now you've got to be seen in all your glory and give the people the Bowie that they know and require: young, virile, able to swallow more sperm than Rod Stewart or Mick Jagger combined, you must be the antithesis of androgyny and homoerotic stimuli in a well fitted pair of tight trousers and glitter nail polish. You are the exact replicant of the seventies lovetoy that spawned Iggy Pop, Kiss, and the new "fag-thrash" cornucopia that is PCP Berserker. It is your destiny, young Skywalker. Don't throw that shit away on a broad! Think it over, I'll have my people get in touch with your people and explain to you how easy it is to achieve look alike greatness. By the way, It's 1997 Utah... everybody have a drink on me you fucking bunch of white bread, granola eating, acoustical jamming, unplugged loving, Madison Avenues' favorite target market, American consumer group #1, repressed Mormon pussies!!! Donnie fucks Marie in the sacred temple of her ass every night of the twelve days of Christmas and Old Joe Smith takes notes on invisible tablets of gold... Face shots for everybody... I LOVE THIS TOWN!!!

—David McClellan

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Abbey Road Kill
Crypt

Abbey Road Kill is one of those CDs that – if it was a record – couldn't hold a needle in the grooves. As my velvet Elvis melts with the heat generated by Los Ass-Draggers I can't help but laugh. See this is where it is at, by gosh and by golly. Rock and roll is by definition a celebration of the animal. Los Ass-Draggers are animals. Their intellectual abilities are limited to wrestling on TV, hating the Beatles (or anything British), the Grateful Dead, pretentious college boys...even as they praise cars, road-kills, Martians and the lack of technical proficiency with a musical instrument. Los Ass-Draggers play as fast as they possibly can – let me amend that – faster than they possibly can and they come off sounding like cacophony. There is nothing like a good "world beat" (Spanish in this case) punk rock record to demonstrate just how self-important the entire world of music has become.

—Master Wa



Warm Wires
Severe Comfort
Sugar Fix Recordings

Let's face it, friends; geeks make some great music! Elvis Costello, Ween, & Camper Van Beethoven all play tunes from the point of the outsider & weirdo, touching a nerve in all of us, who at some point, might have felt left out of love & life too.

Warm Wires are a group of gifted musicians who play from the bruised heart about insecurity & angst, but from an optimistic vein that is refreshing & uplifting. Hell, Joy Division & the Velvet Underground have been done to death (literally!), with few really getting it right or straight at all. Despite the sad storyline in most of the songs, the Wires have a positive outlook that screams, iWho cares? I still love life, ya fucks! Experimenting with a number of instruments & guests on the record, the final cut is as diverse as the nerd section in the high school lunchroom. Don't turn your back on them, missing out on the fun. Sit down & feel the geek love that runs rampant on the various tracks of this light-hearted giftbox. It's sure to make please & tease your sorry ass sense of humor in the end.

—Billy Fish

Kula Shaker
K
Columbia

Here ya go Ms Kramer, how about we have a listen to what kinda "product" you're pushing. Two songs in I found "Knight On The Town," which is about as derivative of prog rock/stadium filling music as I could possibly imagine. The number 10 song is titled "Grateful When You're Dead/Jerry Was There." The good news is that Kula Shaker didn't go into the studio to record a "hit"

single, although they are close to achieving one. Nope, they made an album. Actually if one purchases the "product" immediately "one" will discover a "bonus" disc included. Dispose with all the nonsense to find Oasis in about two years. They have discovered "world" music and the intricacies of both their instruments and their brains. What if Kula Shaker were actually Klaatu disguised as Oasis? Kula Shaker is '70s rock all spruced up with rhythms of the earth. It doesn't hurt that a famous person's offspring fronts the band either. Sony UK has done a lot worse in the past. If you insist on buying British think about Kula Shaker. Place K in the keep stack.

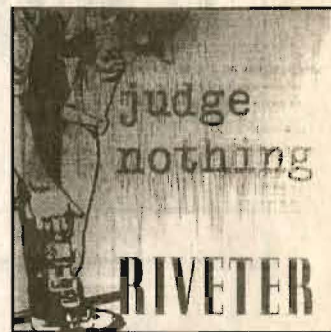
—Q Typ

Sissy Bar
Statutory Grape
Sugar Fix Recordings

When I heard the comparison of the B-52s meeting Yoko Ono & the HALO BENDERS, I knew I had to check these kids out. Described as icuddle-core,i I found their sound more of a cool mix between THi FAITH HEALERS & GO SAILOR, both mainly because of their sultry female vocals & smooth guitar work that goes from easy strumming to cement chords that rip out eardrums. A very happy band to say the least, songs center around feeling good about anything from personal freedom to magic bunnies...hmm? Well, in any case the music is simple & poppy, playing around with a cool V/U-style that tickles the tender side of the pop spectrum. I about fell out of my desk chair, catching their itee-hee! version of Snoop's iGin & Juice,i replacing iSmoking indois...i with iSmoking menthols, sipping

on gin & juice...!i Too damn funny! The beautiful noise these three girls & three boys make is soft & very sexy. As memorable as a wet romp through the park at night with your favorite lover, take this slice of smiles home to keep all to yourself.

—Billy Fish



Judge Nothing
Riveter
Thick Records

I can't remember where I came by this recording but the names of the producers should ring a few bells in the brains of locals. Right there on the back cover it says, "Produced by Bill Stevenson and Stephan Egerton." The CD was recorded at the Blasting Room in Ft. Collins, CO. Where have I heard those names and places before? Judge Nothing are involved with pop, pop music except M doesn't register at all. There are guitars and shit. There are harmonies and hooks in abundance but it doesn't stray off into the land of ska, surf and power pop.

As an artifact of the modern age the recording holds the interest because it doesn't fit into any narrow niche that has blistered my ears countless times in the past. Can it be that the band has entered the realm of Heatmiser or some other unheard of recording. Can there be rock music without a cliché or a reference point. When music becomes actual

2^{thursday}-

DuckyBoys

3^{friday}-Sea

Of Jones

4^{saturday}-

LongPlayer

5^{sunday}-South by

Southwest

7^{tuesday}-Loose

8^{wednesday}-Dr. Bob

9^{thursday}-Monique

& Trace

10^{friday}-

RiverBedJed

w/Abstrak

11^{saturday}-

Decomposers

& Killer Clowns

12^{sunday}- Zak Lee

Home Evening

14^{tuesday}-Akustik

VuDu

15^{wednesday}-

SunMasons

16^{thursday}-Velvet

17^{friday}-

CrapShoot

18^{saturday}-

SINSHAKERS

19^{sunday}-Zak Lee

HomeEvening

21^{tuesday}-

Los Infernos

& Lugnut

22^{wednesday}-Wovoka

23^{thursday}-Surly &

9 Spine

Stickleback

24^{friday}-

DuckyBoys

25^{saturday}-Silver

Jet w/

Decomposers

26^{sunday}-Zak Lee

Home Evening

29^{wednesday}-Richy &

the Rednecks &

SwampDonkeys

30^{thursday}-

TheMerge

31^{friday}-These Daze

& Trike

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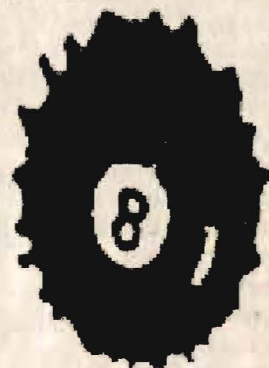
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art there is a certain amount of emotion, yeah verily I say there could be some actual creativity involved and juices flowing. "Score Uneven" is one such. Deal with that pain or loss, but don't you dare think about abuse and rape as the next tune, "No!" reveals. Admittedly the names of the production team caught my eye before the music caught my ears. As the disc spun away and the time slipped by these guys captured my attention. Sure they are just another local band who managed to hook up with some "big" names but their disc gave me no small amount of pleasure.

—Wa

**Screeching Weasel
Bark Like A Dog
Fat Wreck Chords**

After ten years of hard road miles & playing good time punk, the evil weasel is back with their seventh(?) album of reputable R&R. Playing the same pop-punk that they're known & loved for, these four fellows have a nice little platter of semi-old school punk from the avenues of the California style. Happy-go-lucky tunes abound on this disc, skipping through the fields of smooth & sassy tunes that will have little kids dancing in their cribs & gramps dumping another load in his britches. The longer these guys stay together (& go through bassists like rubbers at a frat house!), the more fans they seem to pick up from their

records & constant touring. Incorporating a few cheesy keyboards alongside the same fat feel of old KINKS on one or two cuts, the new is added to the old RAMONESesque style SW has always played. I dig this release better than any of the other crap I was issued this month by far. Let the weasel take a bite into your ear & see if you catch the same fever too that this kid did.

—Billy Fish

**JB3
Close Grind
NovaMute**



The record label finally sent a copy of the disc with a cover, not that it helps any. Joey Beltram is responsible for creating all the sounds. The sounds are all the basic computer generated noises available to those owning computers, keyboards etc. Joey does a nice job of combining all the sounds into an ear pleasing mix of rhythmic noise, and while his creations are enjoyable to some degree the hand-held battery operated grinder on the cover is a mistake. Nothing actually grinds. I guess if one were to take the platter into a dance club and mix a bit of this sound with a bit of that sound while adding a few orgasmic moans, groans and screams to the end-product some grinding could take place. As a disc for the home environment the sounds might be useful for cleaning the house, polishing the car,

operating the Christmas Health Rider or even providing the background noise for that homemade love making video. If "electronic" music without vocals is indeed the future then Joey Beltram is poised for stardom...if he can manage to include a bit of life in his next recordings. **CLOSE GRIND** is pleasant enough, but I like my "electronic" music with more of an edge.

—DJ Billy Ben

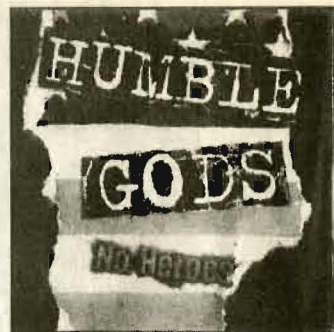
**Pulley
Esteem Driven Engine
Epitaph**

Hey kids, do you like bands like TEN FOOT POLE, STRUNG OUT, & NO USE FOR A NAME? Sure you do, ya punk-ass motherscrubbers! Sporting members from the above mentioned groups, this punk rock isupergroup! is all a young punk lover needs in his or hers diet to ensure good listening. All members being old friends, the ratty band of hooligans got together outside of their respective bands & spent six months in & out of the studio to piece a nice collection of songs that fits right in with any Epitaph punk selection. Opening up a few times for kicking bands like LAGWAGON & NOFX, these guys tested their supermelodic tuneage on the California crowds that evidently went bloody nuts! Combining sounds from all the sources of band members, Pulley is pure power fun, southern Caly-style! If your taste runs along the same lines as the aforementioned groups, this disc is for you, my friend!

—Billy Fish

**The Humble Gods
No Heroes
Hollywood**

These boys were supposed to appear out at the Utah State Fairgrounds with the Deftones, Orange 9mm



and Downset. As anyone who attended the show knows, the Deftones and Downset were the only two to show. The Humble Gods wrecked their van and who knows what happened to Chaka and company. It is really too bad the Humble Gods didn't make it because they are punk rock of the old school. I know this punk rock thing will soon give way to drum and bass or hip hop. Actually, according to some of the more informed critics around rock and roll will soon cease to exist at all. While we are waiting for this astounding development we can all revel in our love for raw rock such as the Humble Gods. Some of these Humble Gods have done time with the likes of Descendents, Pennywise, Doggy Style and Dag Nasty. They like to say fuck a lot, they have some sing-a-long anthems and they critique the state of the union in a more realistic fashion than any politician, but they don't sound American. Brad X, vocals, does the Sex Pistols better than John Lydon - at least at times.

The band is not averse to playing a little old fashioned West Coast thrash when the feeling strikes them either. Take for instance "No Heroes." Since the band is made-up of old timers their memories go back to the days when Tom Petty wasn't loved by the baby boomers. Those fuckers had never heard of Tom Petty when he recorded "American Girl" and that pretty much sums the entire

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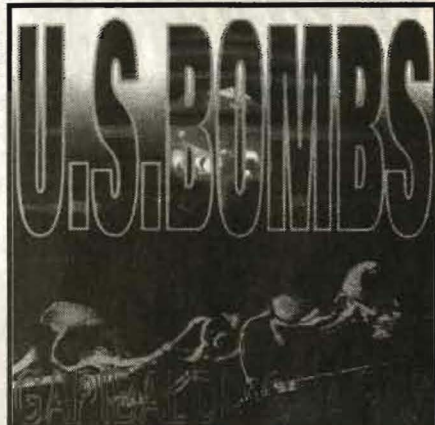
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recording up. Those who believe that Nirvana was the last great punk rock band haven't been listening. While power-pop-punk and ska-punk are the latest fads to hit the malls the most exciting punk rock around today is made by those bands who are returning to the roots and attitudes of the time when the music was fresh. "You good for nothing low life mother-fucker." "Oh bondage up yours."

—Sadie Messakis

Hayden Everything I Long For Outpost Recordings

Hayden was supposed to be one of the great white hopes for replacing Bob Dylan and Neil Young, or some damn thing like that. He was kicked in the pants by Mariah Carey, Celine Dion, Alanis Morissette, Jewel, Poe, Amanda Marshall, Fiona Appel and more female singers with problems in their lives. His album sounds like Nirvana if they were recorded semi-plugged in. A semi-rocking singer-songwriter kind of guy. But Hayden is in touch with the "real world." How about a song about both a boy and a girl calling in sick to work so they can spend the day in bed fucking? Is there anyone reading this ridiculous paper who hasn't done something similar? Of course he's Canadian and his vocals recall Neil, Bob and Kurt — at least he's not trying to be all sensuous and sound like

Brian Adams in bed with a fifteen-year-old Alanis. So why didn't the record make it in 1996? Well, although the sensitive pony tailed guy might enjoy it if they ever had the chance to listen and the frat boy would embrace some of the subjects if Hayden rocked harder than hooters and blue fish: for the most part the CD is one for listening to in a room lit only by candles and one of the clitoris-pierced in the bed. Incorrect for the correct and if he signs on Ronnie Hawkin's Hawks or Crazy Horse for the next release the tie-dyed crowd might find a totally jamming experience. Hayden sings of male pain without any reference whatsoever to the male bonding, pud-pulling contest in the woods around a campfire fueled by burning drums. A '90s type of guy who would receive more attention if he lived in a "crash pad" dating back 20 years. Soft rock with a straight-edge-razor-blade-willow-switch, not his cock in his hand.

—Larry Beel

Undertow Alone In The Crowd Domination Records



Why does this record make me feel like I've entered Ogden's Egyptian Theater back in about 1976? There they stand on the stage, some youngsters holding their electric guitars and stomping about in their tawdry stage clothes. In later years we

moved beyond to the "pop" metal phase but Undertow are paying tribute to metal as metal deserves to be played. Deep Purple crossed with Black Sabbath and a touch of Dio anyone? What bunker have these fuckers been living in? They are indeed alone in a crowd — a crowd that faded away many, many years ago. Oh, yeah, I forgot, the '70s are back. Undertow aren't crunching many bones, I do believe a food grinder was used to make mush — for some reason their "heaviness" is severely lacking. They are missing the Led in the Zeppelin, the Iron in the Butterfly and the Motor in the Head. If metal is indeed planning to make a stadium filling comeback I would say that Undertow have disappeared beneath the waters of the River Jordan. While a dip in the river is viewed as dangerous because of the floating shit and dead bodies the true danger lies with the legendary undertow. This band has been sucked under. Look for their CD floating in Utah Lake.

—James Madison Hoffa

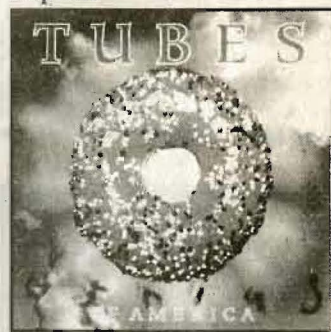
Maximum Penalty Independent IJT Records

When you order a sandwich at the deli, do you have it on whitebread? Me either! It's not that it necessarily tastes bad, it's just too damn plain, that's all. This is a group like that, basically meaning well, but really not breaking any new ground or particular sound. The singer is classic, trying hard to hit the high notes & harmonies, but coming off very flat & winded. Backed up by a fairly strong band though, they bust through a quick set loaded with superficial politics & social insight that borders on the obvious. Kids in beater

camaros & el caminos might get a kick out of this crunchy & manly music, but it falls short of anything interesting or eye-opening. Recorded at a live show at CBGBs, you can almost hear the loneliness of being in the same bar with the few people that showed up for this midweek opening act. I hope these kids haven't quit their day-time jobs at Sizzler, so that they can always have a paycheck to count on. I don't want to be too harsh, but a good reality check might be in order for these middle-of-the-roadsers, & soon!

—Billy Fish

The Tubes Genius Of America Popular



The Tubes? "Formed in San Francisco in 1972 the Tubes quickly established a reputation for outrageous live performances which combined sex, music, theatre and camp aesthetics to good effect." I guess they're still better live because this CD is sad. Sad because there isn't anything close to "White Punks On Dope," "Don't Touch Me There" or "She's A Beauty." As proof positive that the Tubes have seen better days is "How Can You Live With Yourself," a tune Fee Waybill co-wrote with one Richard Marx, who produced the song for the CD and contributes acoustic guitar, synth bass, strings and piano. This lyric from the

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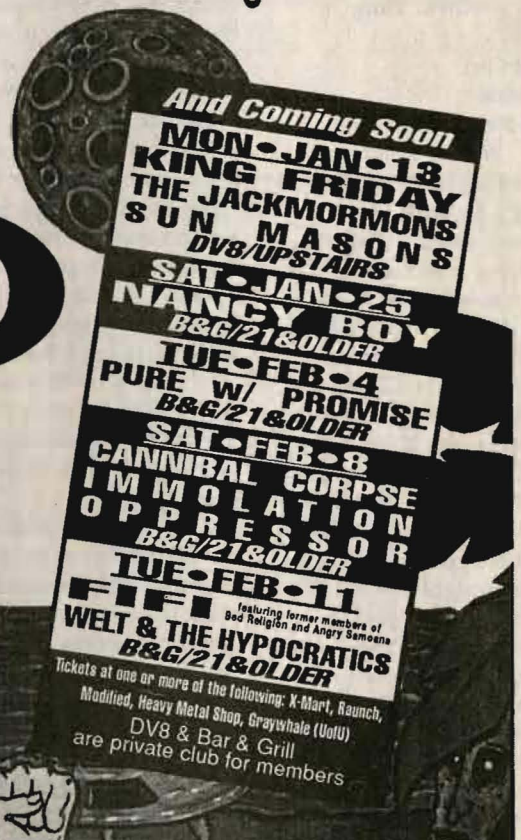
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**The Mod Fun
Past...Forward
Get Hip**



I do believe it is time to have a bit of fun. Now that there are "critics" praising the absolutely and totally ridiculous posturing that is passed off as completely new and relevant to our world – Pulp and that Cocker fellow I happened upon this recording from 1983. Now I know Pulp has tried for many a year to break into the American market with their fey British pop. However, I do believe they've stolen their sound from those who came before, just like Oasis. As the CD spins around and around at dizzying speeds I began to laugh. I couldn't stop laughing. I was laughing and laughing. I laughed so hard that I vomited. The best of '96 was actually recorded between 1983 and 1987 and it was recorded in England. Oh you British elitists.

Now the Mod Fun have a mite more psychedelic aspects to their music than what has been passed off on American shores as the latest British invasion, but I'll be damned if that genuinely enticing way with a pop song wasn't revealed way back when the Smiths and the Pet Shop Boys were all the rage. Remove the echo from the vocals and insert slightly less psych into the guitars – what is the discovery? Pulp God dammit. It's fucking Pulp from over a decade ago. Oh God I can't stop laughing. I

might die from laughing and inhaling vomit, but there is nothing like the sound of Rickenbacker. These Brits do have that dry sense of humor don't they?

—Mr. Baggins

**Instant Girl
Post-coital
Allied Recordings**

When I first heard this jumble combo of riot grrl rustlings, I wasn't too impressed at all. I dug the drumming & thought that the guitar was even mildly interesting, but the vocals grated me in the most private of parts!

I had to say, iNo thanks, ladies! But once I opened up the linear notes & got a good read of the lyrics, my appreciation level rose considerably. The political/social statement these girls are trying to make is straightforward & HUGE! Basically it's this-girls, women, females...quit fighting each other with the petty mind games & back stabbing & love & support each other, ya twits! Female hardcore with a message, it's rough to hear but easy to understand & appreciate. Maybe more young females in this state could give this disc a whirl & open their minds, as well as their ears, in the process. Who knows???

—Billy Fish

**Skeleton Key
Motel Records**

Good luck finding this little gem around town. It comes from the same people who put together the VAMPYROS LESBOS project, but Skeleton Key aren't doing a soundtrack for erotic horror. I'd say they'd spent too much time on the playground with Delta 72, Jon Spencer and Railroad Jerk to name a few. Although the blues aspect of their music is hardly present-

ed their talents with noise are readily apparent. "You Might Drown" firms up their spot among an entire history of indie label bands who come and go with alarming regularity, yet they never seem to make a dent in the mainstream consciousness. The tune is the only ballad of the disc. Lo-fi, whispered vocals and minimalism are in attendance. For the most part the remainder of the six songs presented are of the fucked-up variety. Chord progressions that don't make much sense to "alternative" accustomed ears, clanging-banging, Rawhead Rex vocals – somehow I doubt that

"Hoboerotica" is going to make skater punks, ravers, homeboys or twelve-year-olds visit the mall. I don't believe the dizzy spell of "The Spreading Stain" will catch the attention of a program director near you because this is Salt Lake City, a town without college radio. However, don't give up hope. This is Skeleton Key's first release. I just heard Railroad Jerk on the radio the other day. Just think in about six years with five full-lengths to their credit some PD might discover Skeleton Key. Your assignment, if you choose to accept it, is to search out a copy of Skeleton Key's CD and listen to it in its entirety. The experience could sway your thoughts away from the upcoming U2 dance disco.

—Winston Carigiola

**The Hi-Fives
A Whole Lotta You
Lookout!**

All the power of old rock & roll with the energy of today's punk movement are what the Hi-Fives are all about. Pushing out of the same vein as early KINKS & the newer sounds of THEE HEADCOATS, the first impulse that hits you is to

song sums things up, "The call of fame doesn't sound so loud above the vacant crowd." The disc sounds as old as the band. I was hoping for something better because nearly all of the original members are present and accounted for, but...call it a perfect example of why sometimes it is better to go out in flames than to simply fade away.

—Kneel Yung

**Instant Girl
Post-coital
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—Billy Fish



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dance baby, dance! Where a lot of bands have simply forgotten how to have fun, these guys take three basic chords & wrap them around a tasty chorus & go off, iBuddy Holly-style! Simple & non-threatening, the happy schoolboy sounds of a big hollowbody, thumping drums, & a fuzzy-warm organ make any day listening a Saturday walk through the park. It's hard to be this is a sophomore offering, smooth & creamy like a veteran 50's release by the KINGSMEN. Throw on your short sleeve button up sweater & tie your wing tips, bet in your 1954 Chevy, & hightail it down to the local platter shop to give this vinyl a spin. It's the best on stacks to the best on wax, kiddies!

—Billy Fish

PIG
Sensation
Nothing/Interscope



Here's one Formula PR sent me. As anyone in touch with their NINEs realizes Formula is the firm responsible for promoting anything with Trent involvement. For some strange rea-

son Marilyn Manson was dropped from their contract and now the Evil Interscope Records empire must be accessed for info on those maniacs. These Pig fuckers released their CD to little interest and even lesser sales figures during the later part of 1996. C. Delores Tucker and her ilk didn't catch on to the band because they failed to print a lyric sheet. God forbid anyone ever listens to the actual music they criticize, just read the lyric sheet. Pig are more of the same, same, same, for all I know the band could be an all-star assembly of NIN, Filter and Marilyn Manson. The CD features all the tired and true aspects of the "industrial" tool pouch – imagine walking down a dark alley with weird surround sounds or dancing a liqueured up storm on "industrial" night at DV8? Hey, I've got it! Let's sample a preacher and a gospel choir! The "I can't get hard/wet unless I'm abused, branded, tattooed and pierced beforehand" is pretty exciting and as I hid under my bed due to the fear the disc brought on I discovered that it had put me to sleep. Only the final crash brought full wakefulness after dreaming that Pig had acquired mad cow disease from eating NINEe flesh.

—Big Jake

LaMancha

Various Artists
Heide sez....Lookout!
Lookout!

Wow! Six bucks for 25 songs by 20 different bands! Can you beat that, fool?!? I think not, sucker! Covering all the music styles & releases on Lookout! Record this last year, all bases are covered; including the QUEERS, AVAIL, MR. T EXPERIENCE, FIFTEEN, CITIZEN FISH, GO SAILOR(my personal fav!), & PANSY

DIVISION. The sounds are wide & varied along the punk spectrum, with hardcore to pop punk, garage to ska. If you are familiar with none, some, or all...this is the disc for you. Pull your head out of the toilet & catch some of the wild sounds coming from the heart of Berkeley's exploding music scene. It's the best deal for your bread, considering how little you must have after the shopping frenzy of X-Mas. A perfect addition to the snowfort of any boarder or treehouse of the SLC loser squad. This is an essential to add along with your fucked-up fat pants & designer flattop, bucktooth...buy it now!

—Billy Fish

Oranj Symphonette
Plays Mancinni
Gramavision



It isn't another lounge disc. Oranj Symphonette is a band made-up of musicians with impressive jazz credentials. They interpret the Mancinni catalog slightly differently than a lounge band and they tend to mess a bit with the arrangements while never losing sight of the theme. While the CD is recommended to anyone who has discovered the Del-Fi project, *Shot In The Dark*, things here aren't quite so easily digested.

"A Shot In The Dark" opens the CD with a 78 rpm version. "The Inspector Clouseu Theme" is where the band lives up to both the Symphonette in their name

and their jazz chops. It does become a bit free, but incredibly enough the tune is anchored by strings. The "symphonette" is fully in place for "Moon River." They are far from finished because as things move smoothly along "Moon River" becomes a cha-cha-cha. All the favorites are here. "The Pink Panther Theme," "Experimente In Terror," "The Days Of Wine And Roses" in more or less recognizable form. As the CD enters the closing minutes Oranj Symphonette offers a trilogy. "March Of The Cue Balls" becomes "Baby Elephant Gun (Baby Elephant Walk and Peter Gunn)." The final impression is Mancinni done up downtown style. I wonder what these guys would do to Les Baxter or Martin Gould?

—Lawrence Denny

Various Artists
Heide sez....Lookout!
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—Billy Fish

**E. Coli
To Drool
Triple X Records**

Mixing draining sonic guitar with moaning schoolboy whining, this is a supreme example of how Jesus & Mary Chain influenced more bands than people realize or give them credit for. This is straight from the sounds of J&MCs Psychocandy sessions, being full to the hilt of noise & painful lyrics. The First & foremost, the guitar is up & in front all the way, no holds barred. Braying like an electric donkey in heat, the sounds from this six-string attack remind me also of earlier Velvet Underground solos by Mr. Lou Reed, bleeding over until your ears start aching. The lyrics are self-indulgent & painful, centering around a loser with the I'm cool, anyway, attitude that sticks out like a sore thumb. Straying away from the mainstream, this is the goop you find under the rock of obscure indie music. Take a taste & see if it fits into your menu for appealing tunes.

—Billy Fish

**The Eels... Beautiful Freak
Dreamworks**

I'm about as sick of the "Novocain For The Soul" as I am "Stupid Girl," but the

radio doesn't play the "real" version. As usual they are fucking with your head. The only reason I'm reviewing the Eels months after its release is because no one else has. Is the entire album as tiring as that stupid one hit wonder song. Do the Eels have the talent to succeed beyond the critically acclaimed E and actually survive the short attention span of the alternative nation and have a career as musical artists?

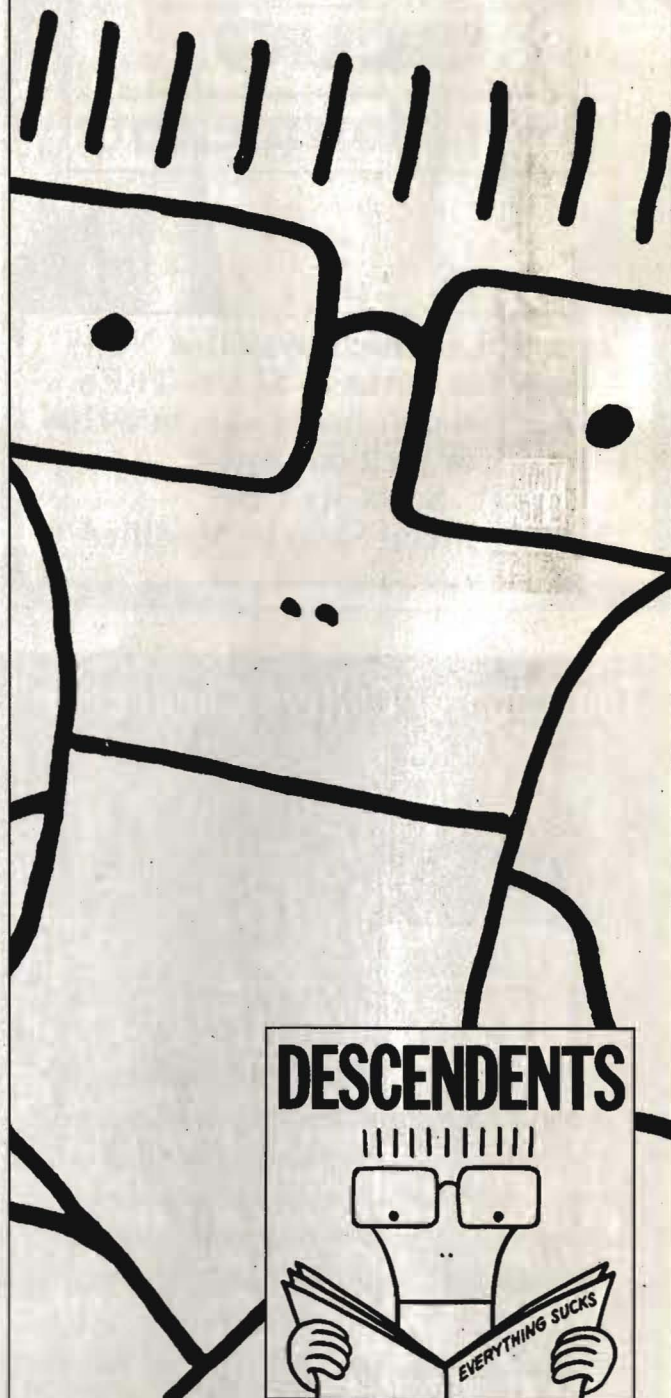
Well, they do have the drum and bass thing down pretty damn good. Kind of trippy, kind of dub and lo-fi sounding. This could succeed, if the short attention spans are somehow trapped with the sound of '96 in '98 when the next record comes out. But wait a minute, this isn't a "product" stamped out as a commodity for mass consumption like an Idaho potato – or is it?

They say fuck a lot, "I'm sorry mam, but this recording is not the best thing for your eight-year-old Cub Scout to listen to, he might begin to masturbate." The production is full with many strings and lovely orchestral arrangements interspersed between the "fuck" utterances. There are some tunes concerning not being right in the brain, these could be misconstrued as enticements for suicidal tendencies, but who in this chemically imbalanced world doesn't have suicidal tendencies at times? It must be those drugs the evil pusher is selling, or maybe it could be Catcher In The Rye. Oh well I'll take five blue Valiums and drive the kids to soccer practice in the sports utility vehicle. The tribute to Beck closes the CD and the Eels can't touch that "Manchild."

—Jenny Curtis

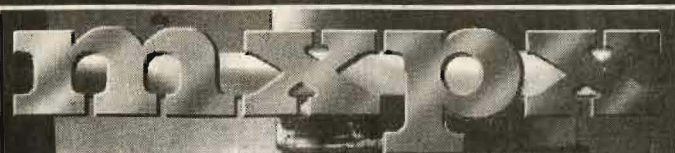

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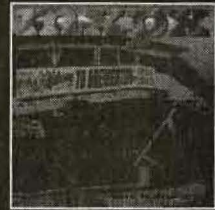
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WRITTEN IN BLOOD HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD —John Forbach

WARZONE
The Sound Of Revolution Victory
Warzone have released **THE SOUND OF REVOLUTION**, which is their second release of '96.

Warzone

tears through the eleven songs in just over 21 minutes, so don't blink or you'll miss something. Dr. Know (Bad Brains) stepped up (through a cloud of bong smoke I'm sure) and did a nice job producing the disc.

DEADGUY
Screamin' With The Deadguy Quintet Victory



I took notice of Deadguy when Jim (former guitar player of Human Remains) joined the band. Jim took over the bass playing duties for the band, so unfortunately we won't be hearing any of his technical-heavy riffing on the six strings. Luckily, the guys playing guitar for this band aren't too shabby themselves. Deadguy's performance on **SCREAMIN' WITH THE DEADGUY QUINTET** has all of the vim and vigor you would expect from a good death/hate hardcore band. Tunes such as "Human Pig",

"(Escape from) the Fake Clink", and "Angry Dwarf" will have you cowering under the covers for days.



CROWN OF THORNZ
Mentally Vexed Another Planet
This CD rocks....

DEATH ROW
Greatest Hits
...and this CD does not.

COAL CHAMBER
Roadrunner
Coal Chamber was formed in mid '94. By late '95 the band had the attention of

Roadrunner Records, which was sparked by support from Dino Cazares (guitarist for Fear Factory). Early turmoil, both in and out of the band, threatened the future of Coal Chamber. One instance, according to Dez (vocals), was when his wife left him on the very day he was scheduled to start recording the vocal tracks. She obviously wasn't happy with her husband's career choice. That's right honey, stand by your man. Production duo, Jay Gordon and Jay Baumgardner, certainly did this record justice. The two brought out the band's heaviness while maintaining a clear, straight-forward sound. If you want to check this band out, call and request "Loco" on X96 (Though, don't tell them SLUG sent you.)



GRIEF
Miserably Ever After Pessimiser/Theologian

The band that has set the goal for themselves to play the slowest, heaviest, most mind numbing music humanly possible are at it again with the release of **MISERABLY EVER AFTER**. After reading the lyrics, I'm convinced that these guys wake up on the wrong side of the bed every day of their lives. Read lyrics from songs like "I Hate The Human Race", or "Low Life", on one of your really good days just for a reality check - Cause someone out there is having a really bad day, and it might as well be you. "I hate the human race. I hate them all - Mankind should be erased. I hate the human race - What a disgrace. I hate the human race - I'll smash your ugly face. Destroy the earth." Oh yes, sing it my brother.

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DAILY CALENDAR

Monday, January 6

W.C. Clark Blues Revue -
Dead Goat

Tuesday, January 7

ASA - Ashbury Pub
Ducky Boys - Burt's Tiki
Loose - Spankys

Wednesday, January 8

These Days - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Figurehead - Dead Goat
Dr. Bob - Spankys
Tane - Zephyr

Thursday, January 9

Rich Wyman Band - Ashbury
Pub
Blue Healer - Burt's Tiki
Highwater Pants - Dead Goat
Monique and Trace - Spankys
Loose - Zephyr

Friday, January 10

Sun Masons - Ashbury Pub
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
Riverbed Jed and Abstrak -
Spankys
Louisiana Guitar, Red -
Zephyr

Saturday, January 11

Girth - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Decomposers, Killer Clowns -
Spankys
Louisiana Guitar, Red -
Zephyr

Sunday, January 12

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Zak Lee Home Evening -
Spankys
SXSW Finals - Zephyr

Monday, January 13

Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
Cliff Eberhardt - Zephyr

Tuesday, January 14

Kirsty MacDonald - Ashbury
Pub
Akustik VuDu - Spankys

Wednesday, January 15

Opposable Thumb - Ashbury
Pub
These Days - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Sturgeon General - Dead Goat
Sun Masons - Spankys
Pagan Love Gods - Zephyr

Thursday, January 16

Headshake - Ashbury Pub
Abstrak - Burt's Tiki
Pillbox - Dead Goat
Velvet - Spankys
Blackdog - Zephyr

Friday, January 17

Gathering Osiris - Ashbury
Pub
Sweet Loretta - Burt's Tiki
Harry Lee and Back Alley -
Dead Goat
Crapshoot - Spankys
John Mayall & the
Bluesbreakers - Zephyr

Saturday, January 18

Back Wash - Ashbury Pub
Atomic Delux CD release
party - Burt's Tiki
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Sunshakers - Spankys
John Mayall and the
Bluesbreakers - Zephyr

Sunday, January 19

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Zak Lee - Spankys
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Monday, January 20

The Sonny Rhodes Band -
Dead Goat
Organ Grinders, Swamp
Donkeys - Zephyr

Tuesday, January 21

Semi-Sweet Loretta - Ashbury
Pub

Los Infernos - Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Wednesday, January 22

Chola - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
GiGi Love Band - Dead Goat
Wovoka - Spankys
Rossignol Party - Zephyr

Thursday, January 23

Wish - Ashbury Pub
Jack Mormons - Burt's Tiki
Hosue of Cards - Dead Goat
Surly & 9 Spine Stickleback -
Spankys
Clarence Gatemouth Brown -
Zephyr

Friday, January 24

Reverend Willie - Ashbury
Pub
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
I-Roots - Dead Goat
Ducky Boys - Spankys
Leftover Salmon - Zephyr

Saturday, January 25

Elbo Finn - Ashbury Pub
Sun Masons - Burt's Tiki
Insatiable - Dead Goat
Silver Jet & Decomposers -
Spankys
Leftover Salmon - Zephyr

Sunday, January 26

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Zak Lee Home Evening -
Spankys

Monday, January 27

Chicago Rhythm and Blues
Kings - Dead Goat
Sturgeon General - Zephyr

Tuesday, January 28

Mr. Whoopee - Ashbury Pub
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Wednesday, January 29

Pepper Lake City - Ashbury
Pub
Spittin Lint - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Volunteer King - Dead Goat
Richy and the Rednecks,
Swamp Donkeys - Spankys
Acoustic Junction - Zephyr

Thursday, January 30

Spittin Lint - Ashbury Pub
Semi-Sweet Loretta - Burt's
Tiki Lounge
Blue Healer - Dead Goat
The Merge - Spankys
House of Cards - Zephyr

Friday, January 31

Blanche - Ashbury Pub
Atomic Delux - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Smilin Jack - Dead Goat
The Doze, Trike - Spankys
Salsa Brava - Zephyr



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LESS THAN JAKE



16 songs from the album LOSING STREAK.

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